Come under my Plaidie.

with

The Anſwer.

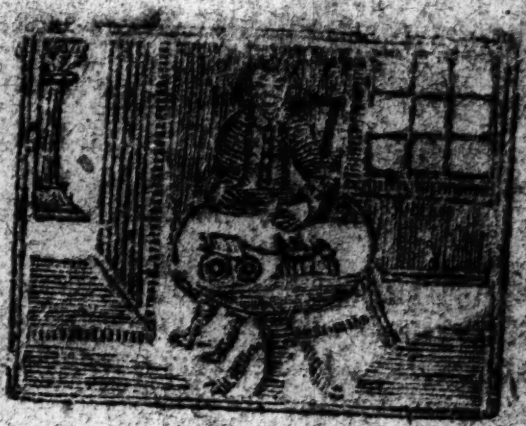
And

BRITAIN's ALARM.

To which is added

AULD ROB MORRIS.

By ROBERT BURNS.



Entered according to order—1795.

Come under my Plaidie.

COME under my pladie, the night's gaen to fa';
Come in frae the cauld blaſt, the drift, and the ſnaw,
Come under my plaidie, & lie down beſide me,
There's room in't, dear laſſie, believe me, for twa.

Come under my plaidie, and lie down beſide me,
I'll ſhan ye frae every cauld blaſt that will blaw;
Come under my plaidie, and lie down beſide me,
There's room in't, dear laſſie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, auld Donald, gae 'wa;
I fear na the cauld blaſt, the drift nor the ſnaw;
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, I'll no lie beſide ye;
Ye might be my gutcher, auld Donald, gae 'wa.

I'm gaen to meet Johnny, he's young, & he's bonny,
He's been at Meg's bridal, ſae trig, and ſae braw;
There's nane dance ſae lightly, ſae gracefu', ſae tightly,
His cheeks like the new roſe, his brow's like the ſnaw.

Dear Marion let that flee ſtick faſt to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has nae thing ava,
The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back,
He's thretty, and I'm but threeſcore and twa.

Be frank now and kindly, I'll buſk you ay finely;
At kirk or at market they'll nane gang ſae braw;
A bien houſe to bide in, a chaiſe for to ride in,
And ſervies to tend ye as faſt as ye ca'.

My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak a gude huſband, and keep me ay braw,

It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude, and he's bonny,
But, waes me! ye ken he has nacthing ava.

I hae little tocher, you've made a gude offer,
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but ſma',
Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beſide ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threeſcore and twa.

She crap in ayont him, beſide the ſtane wa',
Whar Johnny was liſtning, and heard her tell a'
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And ſtruck 'gainſt his ſide as if burſting in twa.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowleſs, he tint his gate deep 'mang the ſnaw.
The howlet was ſcreaming, while Johny cried, women
Wad marry auld nick, if he'd keep them ay braw.

O the deil's in the laſſes, they gang now ſae braw,
They'll lye down wi' auld men o' fourſcore and two.
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
Plain love is the cauldeſt blaſt now that can blaw.

Now dotards be wary, tak' tent wha your marry,
Young wives in their coaches will whip and will ca',
Till they meet wi' ſome Johnny, that's youthfu' and
bonny,
And he'll gi'e ye horns on ilk haſſit to claw.

THE ANSWER.

The Anſwer.

A Young laſs o'erheard him, and did him miſca',
For chiding young laſſies for ganging ſae braw,
When firſt in the garden the fruit had betrayed them,
They ſewed fig-leaves to cover them a'.

And ever ſince that time we have been providing,
For baith bed and bed-cloaths to cover us a',
It would be but ſtupid to ſee us ſtark naked,
Or wand'ring bare-footed amang the deep ſnaw.

Gae wa' hame Johnny, ye novice gae wa',
And ne'er ſteer another foot back frae the wa',
But ſit by the fire thereat till ye tire,
And gie your auld mammy your back for to claw.

For young women's cunning they'll keep you ay running,
They'll lead you from this place to that place and a',
And when they are weary they'll inſtantly jeer you,
And leave you to ſmother amang the deep ſnaw.

E'er Johnny got hame he got mony a fa',
Baith weary, and daubed all o'er wi' the ſnaw.
Being ſet by the ingle, I'll live nae mair ſingle,
A wife I will have, for I'm laugh'd at by a'.

I'm ſlighted by Marion, I'll go to M'Claren,
That gangs to the market ſu' trig and ſu' braw,

Dreſs'd in her own ſpinning, baith worſted and linen,
I think ſhe's the beſt laſſie yet, o' the twa.

So Johnny in haſte to his laſs gaed awa',
And told her his lengthen'd-out ſtory down a',
And when ſhe'd heard him, ſhe ſmil'd and ſhe ſpear'd
If he was in earneſt to what he ſaid a'. (him,

For if you're not taunting, a huſband I'm want-
I'm ready to marry whenever ye ca', (ing,
Therefore I am pleaſed, and hope ye'll be eaſed
Frae trav'lling hereafter amang the deep ſnaw.

Sae Johnny's got married and bedded and a',
He's got a young laſſie to ly by the wa',
In his boſom he taks her, his duty he maks her,
So now we'll return to threeſcore and twa.

He's auld and he's doited, he's ſtiff as a pocker,
He's no worth a copper to lye wi' at a',
He toſſes and tumbles, he ſnivels and grumbles,
While Marion's poor heart's like to burſt into twa.

Cries, had I ta'en Johnny wi' poortith and a',
I need nae been lying thus cauld by the wa',
For ſake o' his treaſure, I've married this miſer,
A girnan auld coof good for naething at a'.

But ſince I cannot mend it, I muſt be contended,
And leave all young laſſes this warning to draw,
I would have them live ſingle, ere in marriage they min-
Wi' doited auld devils, at threeſcore and twa.

BRITAIN's ALARM.

Britain's Alarm.

TO arms! gallant Britons of every degree,
To arms! if you want to live happy and free.
The foe's on the coaſt—there's no room for delay,
Let us riſe in a maſs, boys, and drive them away.

CHORUS.

Britons, arise and unite, like true Britons ſtill fight,
Fight bold and together, never mind the weather,
Like ſons of Brittannia we'll conquer or die.

Let croakers talk on of this terrible foe,
The foe is a Frenchman, and Frenchmen we know,
Whether monkies, or tygers, or devils they be,
We have beat them, we know, both by land and by ſea.

Britons, &c.

What tho' they now boaſt of their conqueſts and ſpoils,
And murders at which human nature recoils,
They have ne'er conquer'd us, and they ſhall not, that's plain,
We have threſh'd them oft ſoundly, & will ſo again.

Britons, &c.

Remember what hoſts of theſe Frenchmen did yield
At Creſſy, at Poictiers, and Agincourt's field,
And ſhall we now ſuffer their vain gaſconade?
Or ſhall they unpuniſh'd, Great Britain invade?
Britons, &c.

They boaſt of their freedom, but who ar eſuch ſlaves?
And who are ſo free as we ſons of the waves?
What Frenchman, with all his vain boaſting, can ſay
That his loaf, that his life is his own for a day?
Britons, &c.

In this happy Iſle every man lives ſecure;
Our liberty, property, all guarded ſure,
The higheſt and loweſt all equally free,
What nation on earth, then, ſo happy as we?
Britons, &c.

To arms! then, to arms! and repel the proud foe,
Who would land us in anarchy, bloodſhed, and woe,
Let us riſe like our Iſle's irreſiſtible waves,
And teach them that Britons will never be ſlaves.
Britons, &c.

Auld Rob Morris.

By ROBERT BURNS.

I.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale of auld men;

He has gowd in his coffers, he has ſheep, he has kine,
And ae bonny laſſie, his darling and mine.

II.

She's freſh as the morning, the faireſt in May,
She's ſweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artleſs as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

III.

But Oh, ſhe's an heireſs, auld Robin's a laird;
And my daddy has nought but a cot houſe and yard:
A wooer like me maunna hope to come ſpeed;
The wounds I muſt hide that will ſoon be my dead.

IV.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my reſt it is gane:
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaiſt,
And I ſigh as my heart it wad burſt in my breaſt.

V.

O had ſhe been but of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd ſhe wad ſmil'd upon me!
O, how paſt deſcriving had then been my bleſs,
As now my diſtraction no words can expreſs!

FINIS.